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Cut Loose

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Cut Loose

by Earl Coleman

Landlubber, marooned again on this familiar
Strand—I look alee and sight you graceful
Taking leave of me, under hands
Sea-knowing, seasoned, mine no use
For any but the lower chores:
Some mess, but that prepared inexpertly,
Or pumping up the bilge (but sadly
Never could dispose of it).

Accommodating

To your luff and tack took depths of sea-lore
Far beyond my ken, my raw and bleeding palms
Are testimony only to my lack of craft
At keeping bowlines tight, not letting slip
The sheet in fear you'd catch a vagrant draft
Such as the one that's taken you away.
I raise my glass to magnify this passage
From my life, and yet resolved to lose
My sea-legs, seek a mooring, Jeep, Land Rover,
Trailer, better fitted for my stewardship.

